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DOMESTIC FELICITY.

“Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heav’n!”

THOMSON.

RETIRED from the busy scenes of the world, in a village near H—, lives Lucretia, with her daughters, Emma and Maria. Emma is in her eighteenth year; her person is elegant, and her mind enriched with every accomplishment that can adorn or endear the female character: Maria, who has only completed fourteen, to a beautiful countenance, joins the more fascinating charms of a well-improved understanding. Lucretia is an affectionate mother, who uses every endeavour to inspire her daughters with such sentiments of religion and virtue as will be conducive to their present and future happiness. She has once moved in the higher circles of life; but, though misfortunes have eclipsed her former grandeur, they have brought that felicity which *fashionable Folly* never knows. It gave me infinite pleasure to hear her address her daughters—“My dear children” said she, “never reflect that your family was once great in the esteem of the world; it will only create ambitious thoughts, and destroy inward peace, which is an inestimable blessing. I can assure you, that happiness is no attendant on the great, nor could I ever find real pleasure in high life. Never did I experience that simple, but substantial felicity, which is always easily obtained, till Providence humbled my fortunes. May you ever submit to its dispensations! Heaven is best able to judge what is proper for us. It is one of my chief comforts, to believe that things are not governed by chance; but are under the direction of an All-wise Being. Never forget, that virtue is the greatest happiness, and innocence the highest accomplishment!—To witness the sweet content that smiles on every face, the noble disgust they manifest against the follies and amusements of the *Little Great*, and the dissipated manners of the age, is truly admirable!” A tender esteem unites the two sisters; and Lucretia, who is a sensible and accomplished woman, contributes all in her power to increase harmony and love. The frivolous conversation that disgraces our *well-bred* companies, never engages them. The tale of virtuous distress excites the tear of sympathy; at the recital

of any magnanimous action, a kindred emulation fires the bosom; but, at the deed of infamy, the abhorrence they feel is sufficiently marked in each expressive countenance. If the happy fire-side is any where enjoyed, surely it must be in such a family as this; where social converse, enlivened by female sweetness, cheers the wintry night! Where the art of disguising sentiments, and feigning what they never feel, is utterly unknown; where fastidious compliments never approach; and none are entertained at the expence of another’s feelings.—Ye, who glitter in Fashion’s splendid sphere, enjoying all that luxurious Wealth can give; whose days are one continued round of diversions, and for whom invention is wearied to contrive new pleasures; say, do you ever experience the happiness of such a family as I have thus faintly endeavoured to describe?

WOODVILLE.

COMPASSION.

COMPASSION is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in selfish enjoyment. But we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements; nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

It has been objected, and it is to be feared with some reason, that female conversation is too frequently tinged with a censorious spirit, and that ladies are seldom apt to discover much tenderness for the errors of a fallen sister. No arguments can justify, no pleas extenuate it.

To insult over the miseries of an unhappy creature is inhuman, not to compassionate them is unchristian. The worthy part of the sex always express themselves humanely on the failings of others, in proportion to their own undeviating goodness, and by that gentle virtue are prompted to alleviate the distresses of the unfortunate and wretched; it prevents us from retaliating injuries; and restrains our severe judgments and angry passions.

THE
WANDERINGS
OF THE
IMAGINATION.

BY MRS. GOOCH.

(Continued from page 395.)

THE
HISTORY OF LLEWYLLIN.

"IN the town of Glamorgan, Madam, I drew my first breath of life; but my entrance into the world was marked by the deprivation of its first blessing. As I never beheld the day (of which I can only form a very imperfect idea), I am the better reconciled to my unhappy destiny. One keen regret alone embitters my existence; and although I must not repine at the dispensations of Providence, nor arraign the justice of the Most High, I feel to its full extent the misery of having never been blessed with the sight of my daughter, whose piety has sustained my drooping years, and almost taught me to forget that I have a wish ungratified."

At that moment a string of the harp, which stood in its usual corner, snapped aloud, and Julia taking it under her arm, withdrew with it into her own apartment, seemingly rejoiced at a pretext to leave the room, that she might conceal by retiring the visible emotion that began to overspread her feeling countenance.

The old man requested her to put it in proper order, and continued his story.

"As it was impossible for me to be brought up to any business in the town where we lived, and as my love of music had from my earliest years surpassed every other inclination, my father proposed sending me to London in my nineteenth year, that I might try in the musical world whether my abilities were sufficient to ensure me there a quiet and comfortable independence. But before he could adopt any measure that he thought likely to succeed, I had, without his knowledge, accepted the offering of a heart born to pity and to love me. A niece of my father's resided under our roof; her unceasing assiduities and advances which I could not fail to comprehend; drew from me a sentiment hitherto unknown, and influenced every future action of my life. My cousin was young, and, I have heard, handsome. 'Tis probable, that had my situation been different, we might never have been united; but the pleasure she took in describing the objects around me, and that tender compassion she so evidently felt for my hapless infirmity, soon disposed my heart to the warmest gratitude, and to that a more tender passion soon succeeded. The result of this attachment soon made a visible alteration on the person of my cousin; and our intercourse, which had been long suspected, was at length discovered. An immediate marriage was the consequence; but the day that gave life to my Julia, deprived her mother of it.

"About this time, while we were yet uncertain whether I should go, and as my father's house was a continual memento of my late sad loss, Mr. David Evans visited our town, and as he excelled on the harp, took pleasure to instruct me. I devoted my time to his lessons, and their practice; but my studies would have been soon interrupted by his departure, had not Sir Herbert Williams arrived with his family at an estate he had lately purchased between Swansea and Glamorgan, and insisted on Evans taking up his residence in his house.

"In the course of the ensuing summer many gentlemen who visited that delightful spot, were pleased to bestow the highest encomiums on my performances: they proposed my making the tour of England, and held forth the most flattering promises of liberal patronage and support. A subscription was, at the close of the season, raised by them; and Evans who wished for (though he did not absolutely want) money, sold me at a moderate price the harp now in my possession, having another which he preferred to it.

"I quickly sallied forth as an adventurer, and for some time succeeded beyond my expectations. I was admired, courted, and caressed; but the novelty at length dissipated the charm, and I was no sooner, according to my own ideas, established in one place, than I found it was become necessary to remove to another. I wandered from town to town during an interval of thirteen years. Sometimes I re-visited Glamorgan; but my vanity had been too much flattered by the past, and my hopes too much raised by the expectation of the future, to allow me to doubt for a moment that fortune would not pour into my lap, and that it would be always time enough for me to lay by a sufficient provision for the support and comfort of my old age.

"I repaired at length to London, and displayed my talents there; but, to my utter astonishment, I played for more applause than gain. Here my sun of glory would have probably set, had not the Count d'Adhemar, at that time Ambassador from the Court of France, become, unsolicited, the most liberal of my patrons. On his discovering that my circumstances were not adequate to the expences of my existence, and, as he was pleased to add, to my merit, he deputed me the bearer of a private letter which he addressed to the Queen, who failed not at Versailles to distinguish his recommendation with marks of her most zealous approbation. I had the honour to attend her Majesty, and to give her some lessons on her favourite harp. She was particularly charmed with the sweetness of the Scots ballads, which were unknown in that kingdom; nor did some of the old Welsh ditties fail to delight her ear. She vouchsafed in commiserating my infirmity, to alleviate its anguish, and soon gave me a preference over the French masters, under whose instructions she had not made the proficiency to which her brilliant talents were fully competent. In this situation I should have probably remained, had not envy, that loves not merit, darted its smooth-tongued venom on a creature whose only offence was misfortune; an offence the more dangerous, as in her generous heart it superseded every other consideration.

"The Queen ordered her Treasurer to give me a rouleau of fifty Louis-d'ors, and condescended to say that she was so well satisfied with the instructions I had given her, that she dismissed me against her inclination, and did so only in compliance with the discontent of my competitor, who found himself mortified that a foreigner, and particularly an Englishman, should have obtained her protection to his prejudice.

"But my pride had received a wound that was not to be healed in France. For my disgrace various might be the causes assigned, and perhaps the only real one concealed compliment to Monsieur ——. I determined therefore to return to Glamorgan, and found on my arrival there that Evans was lately dead; and from some hints that had been dropped by Sir Herbert Williams, it appeared probable that it was his wish for me to succeed him. Of this I was informed by Julia, who had been frequently noticed by Sir Herbert and his son, Mr. Williams, who sometimes called in at my father's house, and heard Julia with pleasure touch the harp, which she accompanied with a voice sweet and melodious, though not powerful.

"A few days after my return, Sir Herbert sent for me, and I was of necessity accompanied by my daughter. He enquired into my story; and on finding me disgusted with travelling, which could not afford to me the smallest share of that satisfaction experienced from it by the rest of mankind, he proposed my settling at Swansea; and from the double motive of compassion for my situation, and his having been accustomed by Evans to the enjoyment of music, he immediately settled on me an annuity of fifty pounds for my life, and gave me the apartment that had been occupied by my predecessor.

"In the following year my father died, and Julia remained unprovided for. I knew not how to dispose of her; and to send her to London, where she had no friends, was repugnant to my feelings. She was young, susceptible, and, I was told, handsome; add to these, her affection for me would not allow the idea of our separation, and she took up for the present her abode at a friend's house, in Swansea, and employed herself with such work as Sir Herbert's housekeeper chose to give her, more for the disposition of her time than for any emolument she could derive from it.

"Sir Herbert had one daughter married in Scotland, who seldom or ever visited him; and his only son, who lived with him, had imbibed, from the example of his father, since the death of Lady Williams, a love for solitude, and a partiality for Swansea, that prevented his wishes from roving beyond it. The old English hospitality prevailed in their house, but its visitors were confined to their poorer neighbours, who always found a welcome in it.

"There was a communication through a shrubbery into a part of Sir Herbert's house, in which was my apartment. From thence my Julia could steal unperceived there, when at times she wished to visit me, unrestrained by the necessary formalities of dress or the being observed by the family.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE STORM.

A FRAGMENT.

IT is dark, and a silent gloom pervades the face of Heaven and of Earth, that makes my soul expand to such a magnitude, as if it would burst the very bosom which contains it. —All is silent! —Fear takes possession of my mind; when, from an angry cloud, the liquid flames flash forth with terrible sublimity; darting from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, with such repeated swiftness, blazing expansive through the heaven's high vaults, then on a sudden vanishing! On rolls the distant thunder solemnly sublime, and with the pelting rain and howling wind, approaches nearer: between each peal out flashes the sulphureous flame, illuminating the rushing cataract with its light; succeeded by a crash most horrible, which shakes the very earth to its centre! Once more a sombre gloom spreads over the face of nature—again, all is terror and confusion!—

DUDLEY.

WISDOM.

LESSONS of Wisdom have never such power over us as when they were wrought into the heart through the ground work of a story which engages the passions. Is it that we are like iron and must first be heated before we can be wrought upon? or is the heart so in love with deceit, that where a true report will not reach it, we must cheat it with a fable, in order to come at truth?

LEVITY.

A Devonshire droll has thus burlesqued the lullaby pastoral of Shenstone. "My banks they are furnish'd with bees, &c."

My beds are all furnish'd with fleas,
Whose bitings invite me to scratch;
Well flock'd are my orchards with jays,
And my pig flies white over with thatch.

I seldom a pimple have met,
Such health does magnesia bestow:
My horsepond is border'd with wet,
Where burdock and marsh-mallows grow.

ANECDOTES.

A GENTLEMAN, reading in one of the public prints, that Mr. Monday, of Oxford, was dead, exclaimed,—“Alas! my friends, we now have reason to lament, like Aurelius, that we have lost a day!”

A GENTLEMAN, reading in one of the daily prints that thirteen hundred of the French had been drowned, said, “Thus should the courage of all our enemies be damped.”

THE FARRAGO.

No. VIII.

Hear him but reason in divinity,
 And, all admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire that he were made a Prelate.
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 You'd say it had been all his study:
 Lift his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle, rendered you in music:
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The gordian knot of it he will unloose
 Familiar as his garter; when he speaks,
 The air, a chartered libertine, is still;
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences.

SHAKESPEARE.

NO character of antiquity is more brilliant and captivating, than that of Alcibiades, the versatile Athenian. Cornelius Nepos, the Roman biographer, has on this occasion, become the very Rubens of character painters, and has happily sketched every flexible feature.—Nature, says he, appears to have exerted her strongest energies in moulding Alcibiades. In the hour of business he was a statesman, a general and an orator. In the hour of revel, the rakes retired from that bagnio at twelve, which the accommodating Alcibiades gladdened at two. Inhabiting a city, studious of magnificence, he surpassed in equipage, the most ostentatious grandees; and, when an exile among the hardy Thebans, he carried heavier burdens than the broadest shouldered porter in Bœtia. At Lacedæmon his palate relished the black broth of Sparta; among the dissolute Thracians, those sensual swine of Epicurus's sty, the greyest veteran of Venus made one sacrifice, less than he; and in all the taverns of Thrace, Bacchus could not recognize a more thirsty toper.

If we deduct from Alcibiades his compliance with vicious customs, no model of conduct, can be more worthy imitation and praise. Since the æra of Chesterfield, a dissembling nobleman, who possibly pushed the praise of flexibility of manners too far, accommodation has been acrimoniously censured; and the narrow Knox, in his dogmatizing essays has asserted, that the meanest selfishness is the parent of versatility. But, though the Tunbridge teacher, ostentatiously vaunts of his intimacy with the Bible, he forgot that Paul of Tarsus, whose knowledge of the world was as indubitable as his piety, exhorts to "become all things to all men, if by any means we may gain some." Paul was no less a gentleman than faint; and his knowledge of the world taught him the propriety of varying his means to secure the end, and to become a most accommodating apostle. Hence his compliment to Agrippa, for his skill in the jurisprudence of Judea. Hence his adroitness in persuading the superstitious men of Athens, that the Being they, and he worshipped, were the same. Hence he could charm both the courtly Felix, and the camp-bred centurion.

If the art of pleasing be worth practice in society, then will the praises of versatility be fully justified. He who in

conversation, adheres to topics peculiar to himself, or to a profession, deservedly dubbed pedant; and all unite in frowning upon him, by whom all are equally neglected. Minds of the first energy, may sometimes effect the unyielding quality of the oak, rather than the suppleness of the osier. A cardinal Ximenes, a chancellor Thurlow, and a secretary Pitt, may be "original and unaccommodating." But he, whom every circle courts, is that Proteus in demeanour, who can with the same ease that he shifts his shoe, mutilate, or increase his bows, accordingly, as he associates with the cit, or the courtier. The object of our fondest admiration is the man of letters and the man of the world blended, who can sublimely speculate with science in the morning, and agreeably trifle with ladies at night. Of this class is Charles Cameleon. The "omnis homo" of Horace, the "all accomplished" of Pope Charles, when at school, was equally the darling of the scholars, on the first form, and the truants on the lower. He could repeat the five declensions with promptitude, and then drive hoop, or toss balls alertly. With the same facility, could he make correct latin, and high flying kites. Unaided by the "ladder to Parnassus," he would now ascend to the summit of Virgilian verse, and now grovel in the mire, to win marbles of every sportive schoolfellow. At the university he heard morning prayers with the saddened sedateness of a Pharisee, argued with tutors on personal identity, as if inspired by the very spirit of Locke—and, on syllogistic ground, vanquished every Aristotelean adversary. At noon you might see him sauntering with loungers, and kindling a smile even in vacancy's face. The declining sun left him deploring, that twilight should snap speculation's thread; or compel him to leave unfinished the song to *Myra*; and when the college bell tolled twelve, his convivial club chose Charles president, and the room would echo with,

"Since we've tarried all day to drink down the Sun,

"Let's tarry, and drink down the Stars."

Educated for the bar, Cameleon is now an eloquent and employed advocate. But year-books and entries, cannot preclude the system of Sydenham, and Saurin's sermons. An apothecary, hearing him harrangue upon the superiority of Brown to Boerhave, mistakes him for a regular bred physician, and asks, when he received a medical degree from Edinburgh. Charles is intimately conversant with all the fathers of the church, repeats whole pages from Justin Martyr, and quotes St. Gregory on good works with more readiness than the parson. As he converses with the grave, or the gay, he is alternately a believer, and a sceptic: and one Sunday, after acknowledging to a devout deacon, that the internal evidence of christianity was its chief corner stone; when afternoon service was over, he agreed, to please a disciple of Voltaire, that the clashing testimony of four evangelists, completely corroded the root of our religion. Among the ladies, he holds most gracefully "twixt his finger and thumb, a pouncet box," and chatters on Canterbury-gowns and French millinery, like a fop of France. To a lover of the fine arts, quotes Hogarth's "analysis of beauty," and viewing Trumbull's celebrated painting of the sortie from Gibraltar, the

artist acknowledged that he talked of lights and shades more rapidly and correctly than himself. In a club of wits, he declaims Shakespeare, in a style of *Garrick*, he repeats original poems, the very gems of fancy, and sets the "table on a roar" with merry tales, and ludicrous combination. The eye of every reveller brightens at his approach, and when he retires, Milton's invocation to Mirth is unanimously applied:

"Haste thee CHARLES and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides."

INTERESTING STORY OF MADELAINE.

BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

[Concluded from page 399.]

MADELAINE passed the remaining part of the winter in the convent of—, during which period she received frequent letters from Auguste; and when spring arrived he conjured her, instead of removing to her own province, to remain a little longer in her present situation; and flattered her with hopes of being able ere long to fulfil those engagements upon which all his happiness depended.

In the summer of this year an event took place which will render that summer forever memorable. The French nation, too enlightened to bear any longer those monstrous oppressions which ignorance of its just rights alone had tolerated, shook off its fetters, and the revolution was accomplished.

Madelaine was a firm friend to the revolution, which she was told had made every Frenchman free. "And if every Frenchman is free," thought Madelaine, "surely every Frenchman may marry the woman he loves." It appeared to Madelaine, that, putting all political considerations, points upon which she had not much meditated, out of the question, obtaining liberty of choice in marriage was alone well worth the trouble of a revolution; and she was as warm a patriot from this single idea, as if she had studied the declaration of rights made by the Constituent Assembly, in all its extent and consequences.

The Count de—, who was informed of the correspondence between the two lovers, and who saw little hopes of his son's subduing a passion which this intercourse of letters served to cherish, contrived means to have Auguste's letters intercepted at the convent. In vain Madelaine enquired with all the anxiety of tenderness for letters. In vain she counted the hours till the return of the post-days. Post after post arrived, and brought no tidings of Auguste. Three months passed in the cruel torments of anxiety and suspense, and were at length succeeded by despair. Madelaine believed she was forgotten—forgotten by Auguste!—She consulted her own heart, and it seemed to her impossible; yet, after a silence of three months, she could doubt no longer.

Poor Madelaine now recollected with anguish, instead of pleasure that all Frenchmen were free. She would have

found some sad consolation in believing that all Frenchmen were slaves. It would have been some alleviation of her sorrows if Auguste had been forced to abandon her; and she fancied she could have borne to lose him, if she had been sure that he still loved her—it was losing him by his own fault that filled her heart with pangs almost insupportable.

The little pittance which Madelaine, after paying her father's debts, had left for her own support, was insufficient to defray her expenses as a pensioner in the convent. She had already, by her sweetness and gentleness, gained the affections of some of the nuns, to whom she was also attached, and who incessantly conjured her to take the veil. "And why," she sometimes exclaimed, "why should I hesitate any longer in so doing? Since Auguste is lost, what have I to regret in renouncing the world? What sacrifice do I make? what happiness do I resign?"

Madelaine had no ties to the world, of which she knew but little: but to separate herself irrecoverably, and for ever, from him to whom her soul was devoted—to see him, to hear his voice no more—to take vows which would make it even a crime to think of him—to banish him even from her thoughts—alas! Madelaine felt like Eloisa—

"All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart!"

Sometimes, too, the idea occurred, that Auguste might love her still—"And am I then," thought Madelaine, "going to reduce myself to a state in which I shall be forced to wish he were unfaithful, in order to save me from the agonies of remorse!"—She put off all thoughts of entering on her novitiate for some weeks longer—no letters arrived, and again her resolution to take the veil returned. "Why," cried she, "why should I still continue to lament that inconstant lover who thinks of me no more! Alas, alas, did he not see the anguish of my soul at parting with him?—Does he not know the deserted situation in which I am left?—Oh, yes! he knows I have no other refuge, no other resource, than taking the veil—no doubt he wishes to hear I have done so—he will find in my renunciation of the world some excuse for his infidelity—Oh, heavens! will Auguste hear then that I am separated from him for ever without one sigh?—Ah, why need I deliberate any longer?—My trials will soon be past—I feel that my heart will break—yes, death will come to my relief—and in heaven I shall find my father!"

Madelaine, at length, determined to join the holy sisterhood of the convent. The white veil for her novitiate was prepared. The day was fixed; when, prostrate with her face towards the earth, and with flowers scattered over her, and a part of her long tresses cut off, she was to enter upon that solemn trial preparatory to her eternal renunciation of the world—of Auguste!

A few days before that which was appointed for the ceremony, Madelaine was called to the parlour, where she found her lover, with some of the municipal officers of the town wearing their national scarfs.

Madelaine, at the sight of Auguste, with difficulty reached a chair, in which she fell back senseless; while Auguste could not forbear uttering some imprecations against the iron grate by which they were separated, and which prevented him from flying to her assistance. He, however, procured help, and Madelaine recovered.

One of the municipal officers then informed her, that they had received the day before a decree of the National Assembly, forbidding any nuns to be professed. He added, that the municipality had already given information of this new law to the abbess, who had consented to allow Madelaine to leave the convent immediately. As he pronounced these last words, Madelaine looked at her lover. Auguste hastened to explain to her that his uncle, who loved him, and pitied his sufferings, had at length made a will, leaving him his fortune, upon condition that his father consented to his marriage with Madelaine.

When her lover and the municipal officers departed, Madelaine retired to her apartment, to give way to those delicious tears which were poured from a heart overflowing with wonder, thankfulness, and joy. When her first emotions had subsided, she began to pack up her little wardrobe in preparation for leaving the convent on the following day, "I always loved the revolution," thought Madelaine, as she laid aside the white gown in which she was to be married the next morning; "and this last decree is surely of all others the best and wisest—but if it had come too late!—" At this idea Madelaine took up the veil for her novitiate, which lay upon her table, and bathed it with a flood of tears.

The next morning Auguste and Madelaine were married in the parish church of —, and immediately after the ceremony set out for Paris; where they now live, and are, I am told, two of the happiest people, and the best patriots in France.

IVAR AND MATILDA.

A TRADITIONAL TALE IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

IN the thirteenth century, Ivar, a young and gallant knight, was enamoured of the beautiful Matilda. Her birth and fortune were inferior; but his generous mind disdained such distinctions. He loved, and was most ardently beloved. The sanction of the king was alone wanting to consummate their happiness. To obtain this, Ivar, in obedience to the custom of the island, presented his bride to Reginald, a gay and amorous prince; who, struck with the beauty and innocence of Matilda, heightened by an air of modesty, immediately, for some pretended crimes, banished Ivar from his presence, and by violence detained the virgin. Grief and indignation alternately swelled her bosom; till, from the excess of anguish, she sunk into a state of insensibility. On awakening, her virtue was insulted by the approaches of the tyrant. She was, however, deaf to his insinuations, and only smiled at his menaces. Irritated at her contempt, and flattering himself that severity would subdue her truth

and chastity, he imprisoned her in the most solitary apartment of the castle; where, for some months, she passed the tedious night and day in tears; far more solicitous for the fate of Ivar, than affected by her own misfortunes.

In the mean time, Ivar, failing in an attempt to revenge his injuries, assumed the monastic habit, and retired into Rushen Abbey. Here he dedicated his life to piety; but his heart was still devoted to Matilda. For her he sighed; for her he wept; and, to indulge his sorrows without restraint, would frequently withdraw into the gloomiest solitudes. In one of those solitary rambles he discovered a grotto, which had been long unfrequented. The gloom and silence of this retirement corresponding with the anguish of his mind, he sauntered onward, without reflecting where the subterraneous path might conduct him. His imagination was portraying the graces of Matilda, while his heart was bleeding for her sufferings. From this reverie of woe, he was, however, soon awoken, by the shrieks of a female. Advancing eagerly, he heard in a voice nearly exhausted—"Mother of God! save Matilda!" while, through a chink in the barrier that now separated them, he saw the virgin, with dishevelled hair and throbbing bosom, about to be sacrificed to the lust and violence of Reginald. Rage and madness gave new energy to Ivar; who, forcing a passage through the barrier, rushed upon the tyrant; and, seizing his sword, which lay carelessly on the table, plunged it into its master's bosom.

The tyrant died; and the lovers, through this subterraneous communication, escaped to the sea-side, where they fortunately met with a boat which conveyed them to Ireland: and in that kingdom the remainder of their years was devoted to the most exquisite of all human felicities; the raptures of a generous love, heightened by mutual admiration and gratitude.

This is the substance of the tradition; but, according to some of the Manks records, Reginald was slain by Ivar, not in the castle of Rushen, but in a neighbouring meadow. This variation of the scene, however, does not materially affect the credit of the tradition; as the Manks historians impute Reginald's death, not so much to Ivar's ambition, as to his revenge of private injuries.

ANECDOTES AND REMAINS

OF PERSONS CONNECTED WITH THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

MADAME LAFAYETTE.

THIS lady, the wife of a man whose history is blended with two important revolutions, was a marchioness before the late changes in France; the family name of her husband was also both spelled and pronounced differently, being then De la Fayette; but the *de* being a mark of nobility, as having a feudal allusion (the French term it, a *nomme de terre*) it was, of course, omitted on the extinction of titles.

Madame Lafayette is an eminent instance of the instability of greatness, the mutability of fortune, and the inefficacy of wealth. Descended from an ancient lineage, united to an amiable and illustrious husband, who possessed estates in Europe, America, and the West-Indies; she, nevertheless, has not been exempted from the most bitter calamities that can afflict suffering humanity.

When Lafayette resisted the commands of the sole remaining legitimate power in France, his "widowed wife" was arrested. Under the despotism of Robespierre, she escaped death only by a miracle (part of her family was actually immolated to his vengeance) but what to some will appear more terrible, she experienced an unremitting captivity of fifteen months, during which, she suffered all the horrors of a close confinement, being immured within four walls, subjected to a scanty and precarious diet, secluded from her children, and prohibited even from the light of heaven.

On the death of the tyrant, the voice of humanity was once more heard, and she was liberated, and restored to the arms of her afflicted daughters. But she was a wife as well as a mother! and her beloved husband was still in bondage; for he who had endeavoured to avert the execution of Louis XVI. (such is the gratitude of courts) was languishing in an Austrian prison!

She accordingly repaired to Hamburgh, accompanied by her children only, for she had not wealth sufficient to hire a single domestic, and she possesses a lofty sense of independence, which taught her to reject pecuniary assistance, even from her few remaining friends. As soon as her health was a little restored, she posted to Vienna, and prostrated herself at the feet of the emporor.

Francis III. is in the flower of his youth. The chilling hand of age has not yet rendered him morose; and surely *victory* cannot have blunted his feelings, and made him at once haughty and insensible! No! no! there is not a prince of his house, from the obscure count de Hapsburg, of a former period, to the late powerful tenant of the Imperial diadem, who has had more occasion to find and to feel that he is a man.

Weeping beauty did not supplicate in vain; the German monarch raised her from her lowly posture, and promised better days. With his permission, she flew on the wings of affection, and, strengthened by conjugal love, knocked at the gate of the fortress that confined her dearly beloved husband, whose speedy deliverance (vain idea!) she hoped instantly to announce.

The massive bolts of the dungeon give way, the grating hinges of the iron doors pierce the ears; she and her virgin daughters are eyed, searched, rifled, by an odious and horrible gaoler; and those, who, but a moment before, deemed themselves deliverers, now find themselves captives!

Reclining in the bottom of thy dungeon, these tears cannot be seen, these sighs cannot be heard, nor can the quick decay of youth and beauty, cankered in the bloom, and dissolving amidst the horrors of a German prison, be contemplated. But the heart of sympathy throbs for you, ye lovely

mourners; the indignation of mankind is aroused; the present age shudders at your unmerited sufferings; and posterity will shed a generous tear at their recital. Anguish may not yet rend the bosoms of your persecutors, but a dreadful *futurity* awaits them, and, were it possible to escape the scourge of offended heaven, they will yet experience all the vengeance of indignant history!

CHAMPAGNEAUX

WAS the editor of one of the three-score newspapers; that imparted the revolutionary stimulus to France. He is the father of a numerous family; a man of unimpeached morals, and was attached to liberty from principle, at a time, and in a country, when it was not unusual to be so, from mere speculation! He was selected by Roland on account of his industry and talents; and was put by him at the head of the principal division of the home department. In short, during his administration, he became, what is termed in England, *under secretary of state*.

CAMUS,

THIS is another of Roland's *élèves*, and does great credit to his discernment. Soon after the resignation of his friend, he quitted the home department, and was elected a member of the Convention, and is now *Archivist* to the present legislature. He was one of the deputies delivered over by Dumouriez to, and confined by, the Prince de Cobourg. From an Austrian prison he has been restored to the exercise of his legislative functions, (for he is one of the *two thirds*) and, on the first vacancy, is likely to become a member of the Directory.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On the evening of the 8th instant at the seat of Colonel Ramsay, Carpenter's Point, Cecil county, by the Rev. Mr. Ireland, Mr. SEPTIMUS CLAYPOOLE, of the city of Philadelphia, to the amiable Miss ELIZABETH POLK.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Mildollar, Mr. ELEAZER REID, of this city, to Miss CATHERINE ACKERSON of Orange County.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 11th to the 17th inst.

		THERMOMETER		Prevailing		OBSERVATIONS	
		observed at		winds.		on the WEATHER.	
		6, A. M.	3, P. M.	6.	3.	6.	3.
		deg. 100.	deg. 100.				
June	11	66	80	nw.	do.	clear h. wd.	do. do.
	12	64	81	w.	sw.	clear lt. wd.	do. do.
	13	70	76	sw.	se.	rn. lt. wd. do.	dot. lg.
	14	64	78	nw.	do.	clear lt. wd.	do. do.
	15	66	85	sw.	w.	clear lt. wd.	do. do.
	16	60	77	e.	do.	r. t. lg. cl. lt. w. do.	do.
	17	66	77	w.	n.	r. t. lg. cl. l. w. do. do.	r. h.

ODE TO TRAGEDY.

HAIL, sister of the fable stole!
 'Tis thine to meliorate the foul,
 To draw the tender tear from pity's eye,
 While suffering virtue heaves the length'ning sigh,
 And groans beneath oppression's rod;
 Or filial duty weeps a parent's woe;
 Pale constancy hangs o'er her urn,
 Distracted love laments, from all his wishes torn.
 Oh, wife vicissitudes of fate below!
 To humble haughty man, and lift the soul to God.

The frantic eye, the hurrying pace,
 Th' impressive horrors of thy face,
 For me have more sublime delights
 Than all thy laughing sisters airy flights:
 When Shakespeare bears the soul along
 In all the native majesty of song,
 Now fires with rage, now chills with fear,
 Now melts the icy breast with pity's tear:
 Alike in all, oh, bard sublime!
 Above the rankling rage of death and time.

But ah! what hideous forms around thee throng!
 Can these instill the moral song?
 See Virtue sinks beneath the villain's hand!
 Successful Murder hails his bloody band!
 Lo! wild Despair's relentless knife
 High rais'd against his sacred life!
 Blind Jealousy the poisoned drug prepares!
 'Till horror's starting eye-ball glares,
 And squallid Terror flies before,
 While reckless Fury rushes on,
 His poniard red with recking gore,
 Warm from the heart in which he liv'd alone!

'Tis past; still virtue claims thy care,
 The feverish reign of vice soon melts in air.
 For, lo! another train succeeds,
 Avengers of atrocious deeds!
 See purple Guilt, with look aghast,
 By torturing passions vexed fore,
 Possess'd his soul with haggard fear,
 As conscience still to virtue dear
 Holds up a gloomy picture of the past,
 And keen remorse still bids him "sleep no more,"
 Till tears of forc'd contrition ceaseless flow,
 And furies hurl him to the shades below.

Oh goddess of the tear-swoln eye!
 Be sacred Justice ever nigh,
 In all her grizly horrors clad!
 To tell the tyrant trembling on his throne
 He lives not for himself alone.
 In vain he 'scapes from human law;
 Her airy ministers still haunt the bad,
 Sink deep into his soul, and keep him still in awe.

Sweet Muse! thy lessons teach the soul
 The wayward passions to controul;
 By heaven implanted they for noblest ends,
 When reason's sober lamp attends,

Afar from error's dark and devious way,
 To guide our steps to truth's effulgent day.
 Ah foolish man! why quit her cheering ray?
 The tranquil pleasure's hers that never cloy
 With her alone dwells virtue, happiness, and joy.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

BRIGHT eye of pensive eve! resplendent orb
 That o'er the misty mountains shiniest clear;
 Like a rich gem,
 Upon an Æthiop's brow!

Thy lamp serene, my now benighted steps
 Directs, to that blest spot where dwells my fair,
 Twin rivals who can boast
 More pure, more bright than thee.

For not thy lovely light, that kindly cheers
 The fullen frown of unpropitious night;
 Is half so sweet as truth,
 That beams in beauty's eyes.

Not all the little waking elves, that rise
 From out their rosy bow'rs of velvet buds,
 Where they had slept the day,
 To dance thy rays beneath,

Feel such delight as does this breast, when thou
 With radiant lustre shew'st the happy hour,
 That leads from scenes of care
 To still domestic blifs.

SONNET ON EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

WARM'D with the gen'rous flame that spreads a glow
 O'er youth's gay breast, with boundless joy we view,
 The objects to our ravish'd senses new,
 And hail the sun, whose glorious rays bestow
 Such vary'd beauties on Creation's form:
 So when we wond'ring see a mighty mind,
 Sent to delight, instruct, and guide mankind,
 Our breasts with rapt'rous praises, kindling warm—
 Sudden we see its shade,—and backward start,
 Checking the loud applause;—in measur'd pace,
 Comes cold Discretion with her doubting face,
 And claps her frigid hand upon the heart;
 Ah! when shall man his praise unbounded pay?—
 When God shall be the theme—and heav'n's own light the day.

EPIGRAM.

HINT TO A POOR AUTHOR.

QUAY this verbose redundant style,
 Think you the more the better?
 A. Undoubtedly—for know my friend
 I sell it by the LETTER.